

LOVE'S MISCHANCE

By VICTOR RADCLIFFE.

The love romance of Beulah Arnold and Ellis Truman belonged essentially and particularly to Grove Hollow. Given a handsome young woman of twenty-five, left quite a competency, and a retiring, but intelligent bachelor five years her senior, having a permanent income and business, and the conjunction seemed ideal.

Right in the midst of it, however, there came a clash, a crisis, a catastrophe. One morning all the town knew of a tentative engagement. Another morning, one week later to a day, the gossip was aware that Cupid had departed from among the reckonings of the parties noted.

There were many explanations as to the source and cause of the unexpected break. Finally the truth came out. It was Widow Marsh, authority in anything pertaining to anybody else's business, who organically made the statement.

"It was a collar button!" She was right. Beulah was dainty, neat and rather dictatorial. A lonely life with an invalid uncle had robbed her of a good deal of the natural bloom of girlhood. Ellis was indulgent, but jealous of his dignity. He resented familiarity and affront, even with his chosen friends.

Beulah had some special out of town company one evening and she was anxious that her fiancé should make a favorable impression. It proved to be a rainy warm night, and when Ellis reached the Arnold home he was pretty well mud splashed. For that there was an excuse. But his collar



Found Her Prime Roosters Carefully Attired in Coated Hats and Trousers.

had wilted, his collar button had slipped into a puddle. He tucked the collar two places, the best he might. Just in the midst of dinner the ends yawned forth, making of him a hideous and distressing picture.

"You might have anticipated the accident!" scolded Beulah, when her other guests had departed, and, uneasy, embarrassed and uncomfortable, Ellis blurted out:

"I reckon you never wear a collar button!"

"That is indelicate—you shock me!" spoke Beulah leily.

"Beulah," answered Ellis, on his mettle and sorely aggrieved, "I'm looking for a wife, and not a boss. When I marry—"

"You had better choose some one who will not care how you look!" snapped out Beulah, and did not even bid him good night as he went silently down the steps.

A week later he called, but no one answered his ring at the door bell. Beulah was proud and hurt. Then when a public picnic came along, they chanced to come upon one another where neither could not very well avoid being courteous. In fact, they were well on the way to a cheerful mutual humor when a lodge bore but-ton-holed Ellis and the chance for a reunion passed by.

After that neither ever referred to the other, bowed when they met, drifted apart, and once went the way dictated by a griefed spirit. Ellis settled down into a grim and unsocial seclusion. Beulah became "an old maid."

The designation was a misnomer. Health, frame and features held the appellation. She was a woman in the most radiant perfection of loveliness. Suitors came, but were promptly dismissed. She counted her one love adventure as her share in the experience of life. Her home and her household duties became her world.

She had few choice pets. Canary birds, a faithful slumberous old tabby, a young collie that went wild when al-

lowed to run free. Withal Beulah was lonely, however, and she took a new interest in life when a friend came in one day with the conventional:

"What do you think?" Beulah looked ready for any news that might rouse her out of humdrum routine.

"The house next door, vacant for two years, is taken."

"I shall be glad of neighbors," spoke Beulah truthfully, and longingly. One week later, however, Beulah changed her mind. The family that had moved in next door had proven a mere disappointment. The father and mother were eminently respectable, but the boys—there were three of them, and such lads!

Mischief had been born in them. They were never still, they disturbed her afternoon nap and they played all kinds of tricks on her.

When Beulah found her prime roosters carefully attired in coated hats and trousers, she only clicked her teeth and looked mad at her frolicsome tormentors. When, however, Tabby came into the house with waist shells on her tender feet, she made a valuable complaint.

For about a week the boys subsided. Then one day they coaxed Laddie, the dog, out of the house. The delighted canine had one whole day of free roving with his new, lovable friends—education, also. In fact, after Beulah had got the burrs, grime and mud off from him, "carry and fetch," she discovered, had been engrained into him.

Whereas Laddie had heretofore been a peaceful, contented, well-behaved animal, he suddenly developed a constant impulse to seize any object near at hand and run away with it between his teeth.

And one afternoon, while she was busy with a lady call in the parlor, Laddie heard his fellow-conspirators whistling in the next yard, seized a little blank book lying on the desk and bolted through the kitchen screen door.

"Crackey!" exploded Ned Hanson, elder of the brothers, as he glanced over the written volume, "here's a find!"

"What is it?" piped his juniors in unison.

"Miss Arnold's diary. Un-m! This day missed Ellis dreadfully. Ah! Another gloomy week! Oh, why was I cold and proud with Ellis! Fellows, I've heard the story. I've got my cue. Say, I've a scheme that beats the world!"

Whatever it was, before nightfall as-tounded Ellis Truman found on his office desk a volume mysteriously left there. As he read the secret repinings of the woman he loved, he marvelled. To arrive at conclusion he was speedy, however.

"She loves me, has loved me all along," he cogitated—"the proofs here are also irrefragable. Say, I'll make the venture—I'll return the book."

He was glad that it was pitch dark, as, dressed in his best, with wildly beating, but hopeful heart, he started for the Arnold cottage. He was the cause of sinister janglings. Then he drew back as the inner door was suddenly opened, a flash of light flooded him, and whack! came a bulky umbrella over his head, crushing his silk hat and knocking him flat.

"For mercy's sake!" gasped Beulah. "I thought it was those troublesome boys next door playing ticky—on the window."

"I—I am sorry. I came to return a book which I suppose you lost," faltered Ellis.

She changed to all colors as she invited him in doors. She guessed out what had happened. He, too, was quick-witted.

"Beulah," he said, after a pause, "I suppose you heard I am the inventor of a collar clip that is a marvel of convenience and comfort, saves temper and helps me forget that unfortunate collar button."

"Oh, you still remember that?" inquired Beulah softly.

"Just as I remember you," he answered pathetically, two tones more plaintive and appealing. "Beulah," he added bravely, "let us go over that bad evening five years ago and then forget it in a new bargain for the future. What do you say?"

Her answer was to draw her chair closer to him and smile sweetly, as she said:

"I am listening, Ellis."

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Nothing but the Truth.

Tomix—That fellow Brainard is a veritable walking encyclopedia. Hojax—Yes, that's the fate of a good many of those wise guys.

Tomix—What do you mean? Hojax—They walk because they are too poor to own a gasoline buggy.

Juvenile Logic.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "can you tell me what a skeleton is?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the wise youngster. "A skeleton is a man that ain't got no meat on."

plained that his peace of mind had been greatly disturbed. "Just think," he said, "what this will mean to me tomorrow, and the next day, and for days to come. I will start for a cool glass of soda water and find in the bottom of the glass the faces of thirty street children of India looking at me!"

In the letter, however, he inclosed two dollars (with the promise of more) to be credited to the mission-ary society of his church, the purpose of the gift being, "to restore his peace of mind for a couple of weeks at least."

Matter of Business.

Police Magistrate—Well, sir, what are you up here for?

Prisoner—For attending to business, your honor. I was arrested merely because I opened a drug store.

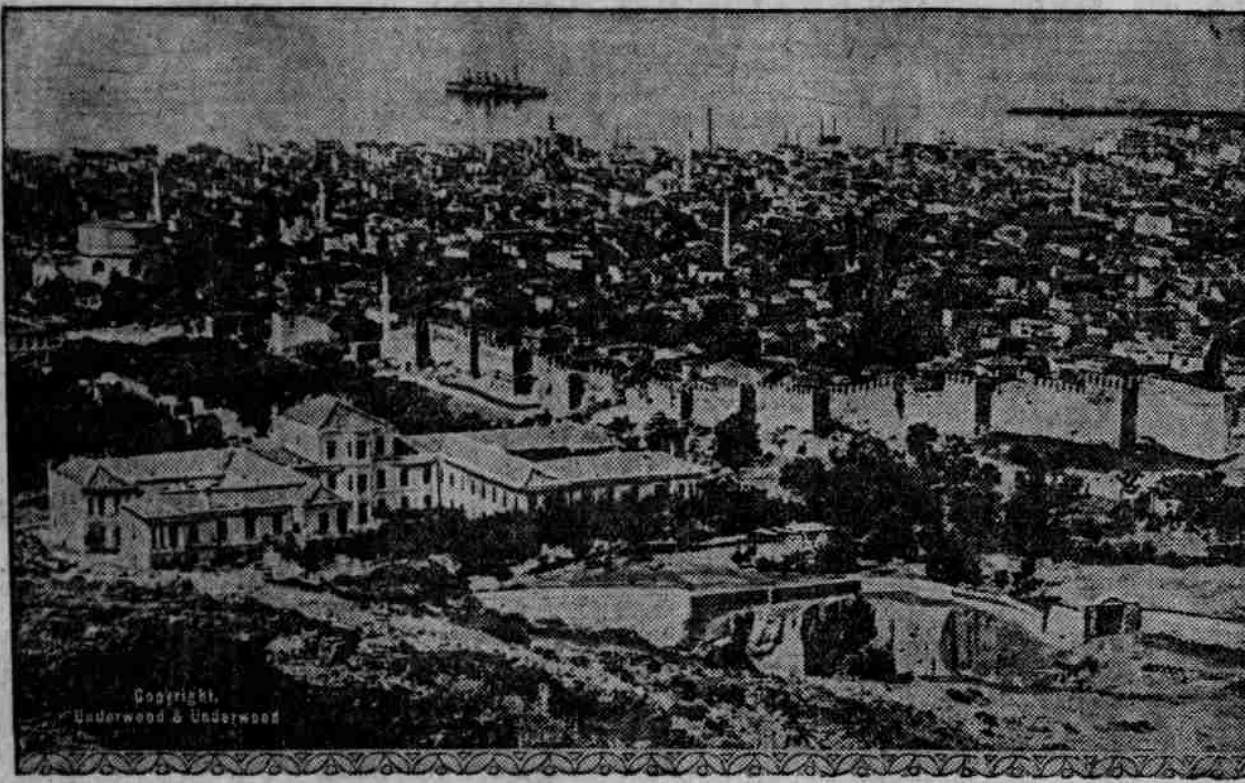
Police Magistrate—I can see nothing wrong about that. Is the man's story true, officer?

Officer—It is as far as it goes, your honor. The prisoner neglected to state that he opened the store at 2 a. m. with a jimmy.

Tint Old Silk Blouse.

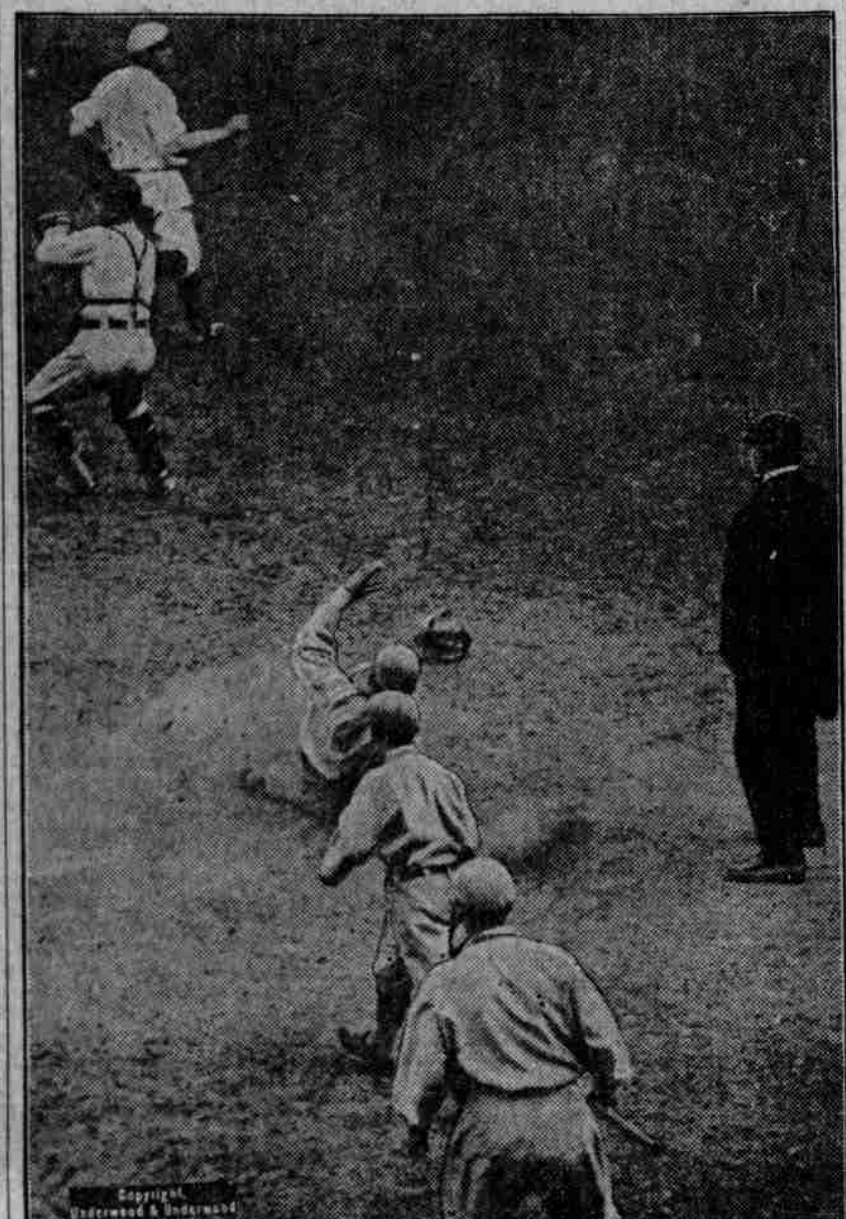
When a white silk or crepe de chine blouse becomes yellow after much washing it can be tinted so that it will look like new. Buy a bottle of red or green ink, or any color that is desired, and pour it into the rinse water and dip the waist into it. A portion of a bottle of red ink will keep the color in a fresh tinted garment or will give a yellowed waist a delicate pink color. Every time the waist is washed it should receive the same treatment. It is such an easy thing to do and quite

WHERE THE ALLIES LANDED TROOPS IN GREECE



View of the port of Saloniki, where large forces of British and French troops have been landed to go to the aid of Serbia.

WINNING SECOND GAME FOR RED SOX



In a most dramatic battle at Philadelphia, "Rube" Foster of the Boston Red Sox pitched his team to victory over the Philadelphia team in the second game of the world series. With two men out in the ninth, Foster smashed a single to center, scoring Larry Gardner, who is seen in the photograph sliding home with the winning run.

RESCUED SERBIA FROM TYPHUS



From left to right: Dr. Richard P. Strong and Dr. Edward Ryan, who headed the sanitary work in Serbia that saved that country from the ravages of typhus fever. Doctor Strong, professor of tropical diseases in Harvard Medical school, was chief of the American Red Cross sanitary commission, with headquarters at Nish. Dr. Ryan is head of the American hospital at Belgrade. He wears the medal of the French Legion of Honor.

WORTH KNOWING

The modern battlefield is practically smokeless.

Open-air movies are now possible by a new screen invented by a New York man.

The illumination of machine shops is greatly increased by painting the machinery white.

One hundred tons of leaves from which asbestine, the prohibited drink of France, was to have been made, were recently seized and destroyed.

Cincinnati will sell all water by meter in four years.

Trains with lunch counters and other special facilities for golfers are run on some of the western railroads.

A man-propelled plow for the special use of the Filipino farmers is being made by an American firm.

The total area planted of cigar tobacco in this country in 1915 is 172,400 acres, a slight decrease in comparison with 1914.

California produces all the borax mined in the United States, which, with Chile, leads the world in the industry.

BARON VON BISSING



Baron von Bissing, half brother of General von Bissing, military governor of Belgium, though a naturalized British subject, was taken recently from his home in Kensington, England, and interned in a workhouse with other "enemy aliens."

MRS. FENG CHIN FUNG



Mrs. Feng Chin Fung, a little Chinese bride, recently arrived in Boston with her husband. She has begun the study of vocal and instrumental music at the Conservatory of Music, and he has taken up a five-year course in diplomacy at Harvard. Last year he attended Princeton. Mrs. Feng brought with her a great array of gorgeous silk-embroidered gowns.

Europeans Are Book Buyers.

In the United States only one person in 7,300 buys a book in the course of a year, while in Great Britain it is one in 3,800; in France it is about the same; in Germany and Japan it is rather better, and in Switzerland it is one in 872. Cheaper books, in paper covers, account for some of this difference; but, whatever the cause, it remains true that the Europeans buy twice as many books per capita as we do.—Atlantic Monthly.

Had to Cater to All.

"I don't like the way this hotel is run!" carped a peevish young traveling salesman. "Neither do I," replied the landlord of Pruntytown tavern; "but I've got to entertain all the fools that come along as well as the sensible people."—Judge.

Character.

Character is a mosaic which takes a lifetime for its completion; and critics, the little things of life, are the instruments most used in preparing each precious stone for its place.

Fashion in Lapland.

The men and women of Lapland dress exactly alike—in tunics, leather breeches, wrinkled stockings and pointed shoes.

Naturally.

"Is aviation an expensive profession to follow?" "Well, I should think it would come under the head of the cost of high living."

Mountain Sheep Hold Record.

The American mountain sheep are the greatest leapers in the world.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Ill.

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 24

ELISHA'S HEAVENLY DEFENDERS.

LESSON TEXT—II Kings 6:8-23. GOLDEN TEXT—The angel of Jehovah encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Ps. 34:7.

A map is useful in teaching this lesson. The events occurred during the revolution which resulted in the extermination of Jezabel and her brood. Dothan, a small walled town, was about ten miles north and slightly east of Samaria, the capital of Israel, and its history is connected with Joseph (Gen. 37). Damascus was the capital of Syria.

I. Danger, vv. 8-13. Jehoram, king of Israel, cleaved to the sins of Jeroboam and of Ahab, his father. In Judah, Jehoram, the son of Jehoshaphat, married Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezabel. General Jehu, famous for his driving, was soon to become king of Israel. The king of Assyria, being otherwise engaged, allowed Syria, the constant enemy of Israel, to make a dash at the kingdom (v. 8). Elisha, the patriot, the "man of God," proves to be Israel's real safety. Elisha has not left us great revelations like Isaiah and other prophets, but he knew from day to day God's will, and he has power with him so that he could warn his people of impending danger. He had what the king and the people both lacked, a vision of God. He saw the needs and dangers, but also the resources at his command. Thus he delivered Israel many times (v. 10). We, too, are thus frequently delivered, let us praise God. The underlying reason for Israel's danger was its neglect of the word of God, and the same can be said as explaining the defeat of the Syrians. True patriotism combines vision and warning. The king of Syria, like countless other despots, knew not friend from foe, but evidently he had one retainer who told him the truth (v. 12). Some have suggested that this was Naaman; perhaps it was a captive Israelite. In either case it suggests God's knowledge of us. (See Ps. 135:1-10.)

II. Defense, vv. 14-18. It was not a mere guerrilla detachment sent to Dothan to capture Elisha before making the main attack upon Samaria, but a well-ordered army. Elisha meant more to them than did the king of Israel. The servant of Elisha had risen early and saw only the hills surrounding Dothan, upon which was "a host with horses and chariots round about the city" (v. 15), and in consternation he exclaims: "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" Again we are impressed with the vision of Elisha and the lack of it on the servant's part. Elisha saw what the servant could not see; walking by faith he was not afflicted (John 14:1; Phil. 4:6, 7; Isa. 12:2; Ps. 56:3). In response to Elisha's prayer the servant's eyes were opened, yet he was not one whit more safe than before (v. 17). It is a striking contrast here with the Elisha of chapter 2:10. It is a suggestion of the Christian anointed by the Holy Spirit and that of the saved sinner before that experience. Our eyes need to be opened to see that "they that be with us are more than they that be with them" (v. 16). We need to see God's love, power and wisdom in nature, providence and grace. There is nothing incredible or unscientific in this experience. It is a rational and a glorious belief that Providence is working in our behalf through the unseen power of the Holy Spirit, the power of prayer and the answers thereto. The unseen is gloriously real.

III. Deliverance, vv. 19-23. In the first section we are taught the danger of a lack of vision. In the second section the emphasis is upon the need of a vision, whereas in this there is presented the use of a vision. To crystallize vision into experience is a difficult task for us all. Elisha prayed for whom he was acting, to smite the Syrians with blindness. This was not for vengeance, but (a) to teach the Syrians who the true God is (b), to lead Jehoram, the king, to go to Jehovah for help, and (c) to deliver the people from the raids of the Syrians. This word "blindness" (v. 18) conveys the idea of dazzling, visual bewilderment, hallucination and not of total loss of sight, thus making it easy for Elisha to lead them as he willed (v. 19). Mentally bewildered as a result of their physical ailment they failed to recognize the prophet. He did not deceive them, for they at last "found him" when he led them into Samaria and once more they could see. Within the walls of Samaria Elisha's prayer is again answered, "but I've got to entertain all the fools that come along as well as the sensible people."—Judge.

Character is a mosaic which takes a lifetime for its completion; and critics, the little things of life, are the instruments most used in preparing each precious stone for its place.

Presumption and self-sufficiency are sobered down by the acquirement of useful knowledge, and men's minds become less arrogant in proportion as they become better informed.—Bishop of Lichfield.

The power to drudge at distasteful tasks is the best test of faculty, the price of knowledge and the matter of duty.—James Martineau.

Never think that you can make yourself great by making others less.—J. A. V. Boyle.

Couldn't Blame It. The hotel was not very good one, and the traveling men knew it. Nevertheless they were obliged to go there when they came late at night to the little town. In the middle of the night one of them was dimly conscious that something was wrong. Suddenly he realized that the trouble came from a leaking gas jet. "Wake up, Bill!" he shouted, shaking his friend violently. "The gas is escaping!" "Well," growled Bill, "can you blame it?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

If you are going to be anything, be a professional. No amateur attracts much attention. Your wife as well as your sins will find you out.

Faw's Little Joke. Little Lemuel—Say, paw, what is a stratum? Faw—The diamond, my son, is one kind of a strata-gem. A good cook should be at the head of every provisional government.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

THIS is the caution applied to the public announcement of Castoria that has been manufactured under the supervision of J. C. Fletchler for over 30 years—the genuine Castoria. We respectfully call the attention of fathers and mothers when purchasing Castoria to see that the wrapper bears his signature in black. When the wrapper is removed the same signature appears on both sides of the bottle in red. Parents who have used Castoria for their little ones in the past years need no warning against counterfeiters and imitations, but our present duty is to call the attention of the younger generation to the great danger of introducing into their families spurious medicines. It is to be regretted that there are people who are now engaged in the nefarious business of putting up and selling all sorts of substitutes, or what should more properly be termed counterfeiters, for medicinal purposes not only for adults, but worse yet, for children's medicines. It therefore devolves on the mother to scrutinize closely what she gives her child. Adults can do that for themselves, but the child has to rely on the mother's watchfulness. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of J. C. Fletchler.

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GOOD STORY, ANYWAY

Bill Sanders' Imagination Was Working, All Right.

But the Fact Seemed to Be That He Never Owned a Fish Basket and His Tale Was Somewhat Weakened.

"I stopped at Shinnopple on my way for a few days with the trout on the Bear river, in Sullivan county," said John Gilbert, the traveling grocery man, and Bill Sanders, the Homer of all that country, buttonholed me and said: "Go in to tackle the trout over in Sullivan, eh? Well, what's your gun? Don't forget to get a license, and a tag with your trout if you don't take no gun, do you? I left nine pound of the poottiest trout that ever dodged a fly an' gobbled a worm over along them upper Beaverkill waters, to say nothin' of a ten-pound fish-basket, jest 'cause I didn't have no gun, jest about this time last season. What's your gun, John?" said Bill.

"I stared at Bill and allowed that I couldn't see why a gun should be a part of my Sullivan county trout fishing equipment, and he said:

"Bears, that's why! Bear! Better git a gun, John! I'd 'a' lugged home ten young of old sockdolagers an' wouldn't 'a' lost my ten-pound fish-basket if I'd only had a gun. I was fishin' on them upper Beaverkill waters, an' I had jest about filled that ten-pound basket o' mine, bein' only two pounds shy o' runnin' it up to the limit."

"I come along by a hole whar I was sartin' I could git them needed two pound, an' at fust thought I considered I might as well and the business by yankin' out a two-pounder right on the jump, but on thinkin' a leetle further I says to myself that it'd be a heap more fun to make it two one-pounders, an' so that's what I concluded to do."

"I clum down the rocks to git to the spot whar I was goin' to land that pair o' one-pounders, settin' my fish basket down at the top o' the rocks for fear I might stumble an' jest ex like ex not spill them eight pound o' fish outen it. I got down all right, an' soon had one o' them one-pounders hooked, an' I give him line. He run down the crick a hundred foot 'fore he stopped to rest, an' then dinged if he didn't stop right whar a slammmin' big bar was standin' in the crick, dotin' a little fishin' on his own account."

"Well, son, John," said Bill, "it's Shinnopple gospel truth I'm tellin' you but 'fore I could wind that pound trout back an' away from thar the bar ratched out an' socked the hooks o' his big claw in my trout, yanked it outen the water, grabbed my fishline, broke it off, and, holdin' the trout up a spell fer me to take a partin' look at it, makin' my dander raise so that it all but knocked my hat off, he give his jaws a warnin' snap or two, an' waddled outen the crick an' off into the bushes, takin' my pound trout with him. Then, I kin tell you, I woke up, 'Not if I know it you don't git away with that air fish!' I hollered arter that outacious bar, an' turned an' shinned up them rocks to head him an' make him stand an' deliver up that trout or take the consequences o' me a-neckin' him an' shakin' him up till his toenails rattled."

"When I got back to the top I dis-kivered that my ten-pound fish-basket that I had left thar for fer to be safe with them eight pound o' trout in it, wa'n't whar I put it. I looked all around, but it wa'n't nowhar to be seen. I run to the bushes an' pushed 'em to one side, an' thar I see two bar cubs walkin' with my basket o' fish, carin' it betwixt 'em, like a couple o' boys carryin' a pall o' water they had been let outen school to go git!"

"Say! I was jest about knocked silly! An' as I gawked arter that pair o' sassy young thevins' cubs, they was jined by the old bar that had katched my pound trout only a minute or so afore, down the crick, an' away they all went, jest hollerin' an' kinkin with joyfulness over the way they had done me them dirty trick!"

"'Stead o' boundin' arter that family o' highway robber bars, chokin' the daylight outen 'em, an' gittin' my ten-pound fish-basket an' my fish back, I was so concerned discomfitted that I stood thar like a bump on a log."

ELOQUENCE THAT WAS LOST

Woman With Grievance Had Expressed Herself Well, But Here Was a Wasted Effort.

Determination writ large upon her angry countenance, the mother of the child who had been bitten by an Irish terrier belonging to a neighbor (Mrs. Green) gave an authoritative "racket" with the knocker at Mrs. Green's door. The door was opened by a meek-looking, elderly woman, and the wails of the mother's wail burst forth.

"You're Mrs. Green, I s'pose," she sneered. "Green by name an' green by natur', I shonld call you to keep a ferocious animal like that there Irish terrier-orial o' yours, a-bittin' of innocent children an' terrorizin' the whole neighborhood. I'll have the law on you! I'll make you pay! Dyne hear? I'll sue you for damages and 'ave that 'orrible dog shot by Act of Parliament, I will!"

Then, as she paused for a moment for breath, the old woman took a slate and pencil, and said, in a mildly apologetic tone:

"Very sorry, mum; but would you mind writin' it all down? I'm stone deaf."—London Answers.

Perturbed Homes. "My wife has the uplift fever." "I ain't any better off than you are. Mine has fits."

There were only 354 days in the year 1752.

Assisting Ambition

Men of ambition—with the desire to forge ahead—need revitalizing food to help them to compel success.

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